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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1804.

NOVELIST.

MARIA.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PATERNAL FORGIVENESS.

IN the west of England, lived Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handsome fortune, who was left a widower, at an early age, with an infant daughter. The only consolation he felt, after the loss of a partner, whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms, and graces of his little Maria, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity; procuring her instructors of every kind of approved merit, and often taking that pleasing office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages she grew up, lovely and accomplished, in an uncommon degree; and seemed, in every respect, formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doted on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire, or purpose in life, than that of seeing her happily and honorably established.

In pursuit of this design, he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced from impartial observation, that happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity.—The first and greatest requisite, he looked for in a *son-in-law*, was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a *man of pleasure*, was, therefore, the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Maria had received from the bounteous hand of nature, that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, whilst it made her return her father's fondness, with the warmest filial affection, made her also liable to attachments, of a stronger and more dangerous nature. Unpractised in the world she did not look upon mankind, with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine, that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived: who to a most pleasing figure, and address, added a manner and conversation, the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the same time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery! Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too atrong to be eradicated; and although her father, when he discovered the connection, used every art of persuasion, & every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer constantly refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion, than an elopement. It was long before one, educated in the habits and principles that had been so carefully implanted in Maria, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was, too late, convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed, as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment; which, founded upon an act of disobedience overthrew all her dearest hopes, and was likely to be stedfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery both in mind and body, in following a husband, who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence, in the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum, soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible, that, in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not advisable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard, as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit, whilst the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest of children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about amongst the company. He soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children; and he asked the lady "to whom the charming boy belonged?" "To a friend of mine," she slightly answered, and turned the conversation to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and, kissing it, cried,—"Heaven help thee, sweet boy!—thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through!" "This little child," continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, "has already lost its father, and its mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support." Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes, "Heaven help thee indeed!" says he—"but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee!—pray, madam, will it not be impertinent to inquire, more particularly, into the circumstances of the lady's situation?"——"She is now in my house, sir," said she, "and will inform you herself." On this she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and,

rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet!—with a voice choaked in tears, she could only say, "forgive me, sir, forgive me!—He remained awhile in suspence, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow, and catching Maria in his arms, "I do forgive thee, my poor child!" says he, "from my soul I do—all that is past shall be forgot, this little angel makes amends for all."

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender compassion ensued, which, however, soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude: and the lady, whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

MORAL AND USEFUL.

COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

WHEN the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes; then we feel not the want of the consolations of Religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow or sickness, or old age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of Religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity which are ever apt to flie from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such an one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; and feebly attempting to retain them while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasps! To such an one, gloomily indeed does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look back with complacency nor forward with hope; while the aged christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh: while his strength declines and his faculties decay he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim, perhaps, and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possesion of his heavenly inheritance, "*to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.*"

THE Christian possesses a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley, and every cloud of heaven, he discovers the traces of *divine benevolence*. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of *love*. This is the harmonizing principle which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It cloaths in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. His ear, and his alone, is turned to this heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

[The following sensible hint, is copied from a miscellaneous volume, published in the year 1789:]

"ONE striking feature in the political complexion of the Dutch Republic is, that the children of both sexes are, from the moment of the earliest capability, initiated in some line of industrious avocation among them. Solon and Lycurgus could not have chalked out a wiser line for the service of the Grecian states. It was an opinion with Alexander the Great that boys nurtured and brought up in the camp, were ever after fond of arms—and practice gave sanction to theory. It holds equally good that children, early trained up to industry, ever incline to it in maturity—for, in the language of the poet, "*it grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength.*" To our country-men, we hope the application is evident.—If they custom their little ones to honest employments (such as will suit their years, constitutions and choices) they will thereby render them virtuous and independent citizens, a credit to themselves, and an ornament to society. The consequences of a different conduct are evident."

The following very simple application has been found to prevent iron and steel from rusting: To any given quantity of salt oil varnish, add four fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine; apply this varnish slightly and equally with a sponge, and put the article to dry in a place sheltered from the dust. It preserves and brightens the colour of copper; and it is said, that all metallic articles varnished with it, will retain their brilliancy, and never contract any spots of rust.

THE ARTS.

SILVER.

THIS second precious metal is nearly as ductile as gold—one grain of silver-leaf may be made to cover 50 square inches; but its tenacity is much inferior to that of gold.—A wire one-tenth of an inch in diameter will only bear a weight of 270lbs, which is little more than half the weight supported by a gold wire of equal thickness.

Coin, of gold and silver, may be termed the sovereign of the commercial world. It is this potentate who launches the ship upon the water—it is he who crowds her with adventurers and sends them from clime to clime, and from pole to pole, in search of offerings in return for his favors. A history of the reign of this metallic sovereign would be a catalogue of the greatest inconsistencies.—If, by chance, he obtain an amiable prime minister! If, by accident, *Benevolence* become the minister of state, the naked are clothed, the hungry are fed, and the comfortless children of poverty made happy. But alas! when wicked agents obtain the administration of affairs, nations are set in an uproar—the beating of the drum, the thundering of cannon, the clashings of arms and all the bloody horrors of war, break the sweet bonds of peace! Man is transformed to a murderer, and mercy is put to death by the sword.

It was gold and silver—the thirst for glittering treasure, covered by the sacred protest of making converts to christianity, which brought the Spaniards and other Europeans to the American continent. It was the same motive which led Cortez to Mexico and brought the adventurers Almagro and Pizarro to Chili and Peru.

In the simpler ages of the world, the Spartans were contented with iron, and the Romans with copper, as a representative of property; but when commerce extended her arms over the world, gold and silver were found necessary to gratify human caprice. It is to be regretted that the precious metals were ever discovered. The very means of extracting them from their native beds are founded in injustice and misery.—Every mine of consequence is worked at the expence of human liberty. Men are changed into slaves, before they are converted into miners.

The appearance of some of the mines, is horrible beyond description. The prospect of 30 or 40 piles of ore continually burning in those dismal caverns, and the gloomy miners peeping through the columns of smoke which surround them, presents the idea of disembodied spirits in the dark regions of despair, beyond the tomb. When a mine is to be sprung, the signal is given, and an universal roar rings through the cavern, of "Take care of your lives!"

Brazil, affords a revenue of two millions of pounds sterling to the court of Portugal and the whole produce of the mines may be safely estimated at forty-five millions of dollars. The annual revenue to Spain and Portugal from the mines of South America is estimated at 25 millions of dollars, and as one-fifth of the whole produce entered at the mint offices goes to the crown, the total amount obtained from those mines is one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. Notwithstanding this immense product these

two kingdoms have gradually been loosing their prosperity. "Money," (gold and silver) exclaims the eloquent Gibbon, "is the most universal incitement, but *iron* is the most powerful instrument, of human industry." [*Delaware Museum.*

AMUSING.

THE MUSICIAN.

A CHARACTER.

A musician is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the lord of the wooden one; he has an hundred strings to his bow: other people are bow-legged; he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow, he has no skill in archery. He plays with his cat-gut and kit-fiddle. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can distinguish sounds as other men distinguish colours. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have sought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring a tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent, because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him: and as a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note by the ear, and never lets it go until he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, until he is put to the shift, and obliged to get out of the scrape—by scraping. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen so does he wear away the strings of his fiddle. There is no medium in him, he is either on a flat or a sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds, proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in the course of a few minutes—He runs over the flat as often as a race horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in a cadence; the difference is, one is driven by the whip-hand, the other by the bow arm; one deals in stickado, the other in staccato. As a thorough-bred hound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an experienced musician smells the composition of Handel or Corelli. TIM CATGUT.

PREFACE TO ILL NEWS.

A YOUNG gentleman at the university was called upon by an old servant of his father's with compliments from the family. Well, said the student, how do they all do at home? What news do you bring me? None, said John, except that our raven is dead. So that is all!—but pray what did he die of? How could it be otherwise since he eat so much carrion. Carrion! how could he get such quantities? Why, the four coach horses. Are they dead too? Pray what killed them? O, they might have lived long enough, if they had not been over-worked in drawing water. How came it about that they had so much water to draw? It happened the day that our mansion-house was burnt down. My father's house burnt down say you! and by what accident? By no accident at all: it would not have happened if our people had not been so careless with their torches. Pray what had they to do with torches? Why the torches were made use of at your good mother's funeral. How! my mother dead, and buried without my knowing of her being sick! this is incomprehensible. Not so incomprehensible neither, for she died of no other disease than a broken heart. But for God's sake John what could occasion such excessive grief? O, as to that matter, she had reason enough—Lady——, who was lately your mother's waiting maid, appeared at the last birth day assembly in a richer and more elegant dress than any that was ever seen before in our country.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

THE singularity of the process by which these powerful beasts are caught and domesticated, renders it one of the most interesting and surprising spectacles in the world.

Three or four thousand villagers are employed under the direction of about as many hundred huntsmen, for two or three months encircling a large tract of country, at one end of which is built a large and strong wooden kraal, or nearly circular palisade, of about a quarter of a mile in circumference. The hunters continue gradually reducing their circle, and frightening, by fires and shouts, the elephants which are within it towards the kraal, through the gates which they are at last obliged to enter; and as soon as they are in, a portcullis drops, and incloses them. There is another gate with a portcullis, which leads into a still stronger stockade, about twenty feet wide, and that leads into a third which is still stronger, but so narrow, that one elephant only can pass at a time. When a sufficient number of elephants are driven from the first kraal. into the second, the portcullis is then let down by a man who is stationed at the top of the place where they enter, for that purpose.

The beasts being cruelly squeezed by their numbers and size, endeavour to make their escape and run into the third kraal.

As soon as an elephant has fairly entered this third kraal, cross beams are inserted, between the upright poles, which effectually prevents his return. As he advances, the same process is continued, until he arrives at the very end, where he is jammed so closely as not to be able to move backwards nor forwards. Strong ropes, with running knots, are fastened round his legs and neck, and these last are drawn through ropes fastened on the necks of two tame elephants, accustomed to the business, who are brought to the end of the kraal, where the prisoner is confined.—The poles, which form the door of it, are then removed, and the ropes which fasten the neck of the wild elephant, to those of the tame one, are lightened, until he is made secure between his new companions. The ropes are then taken from his legs, and his two conductors oblige him, by squeezing him with their bodies, and beating him with their trunks, if refractory, to accompany them to the place set apart for his stable. He is tied so fast with his head between two poles fixed in the ground, that he cannot move, and from the peculiar docility of his nature, soon assumes sufficient mansuetude to become useful for the purpose of man.

TWO gentlemen from Cork a few days since had the curiosity to open a vault, belonging to a family of the Grants, in lower Shandon church yard, which had not been disturbed for about twenty-two years, and to their astonishment discovered a coffin empty, with the lid removed, and the corpse lying prostrate along side of it. From the inscription of the coffin, it appeared that the body it contained was that of Mr. Grant who was interred in the year 1782.—As many instances of premature interment have occurred in this country, it is highly probable that this gentleman had been only apparently dead. [*Lan. pap.*

A SPANISH Poet, describing his passion, says, that in thinking of his mistress, he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubled up, and boiled the fish, insomuch that those who came to take him out, were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

SOME travellers in a Mail coach, among whom were a lady and an Irishman, enjoying a nap towards the opening of morning, a sudden noise disturbed the repose of honest Thady, who, on inquiring what was the matter, was answered, some ruffians were robbing the *Mail:* that they may do, replied Thady; but (throwing his arms round the lady) they shall never plunder the fe-*Male.*

The moth, allured by the brightness of the candle, plays round the flame, until at last it is consumed by the heat. A fit emblem this of those unwary ones, who play round the verge of evil, until at length they precipitate themselves into infamy and ruin.

POETRY.

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

1

IN bri'ry dell, or thicket brown,
On mountain high, in lowly vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
And sweet-fern scents the passing gale;
There hop the birds from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty.

2

No parent bird shall love direct,
His fair he seeks in plumy throng,
Caught by the plumage of her neck,
Or kindred softness of her song.
They sing and bill from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty.

3

Some airy songsters feathered shape,
O! could my love and I assume;
The ring-dove's glossy neck he take,
And I the modest turtle's plume,
O then we'd sport from bush to tree,
Love fill our throats,
Love swell our notes,
Our song be Love and Liberty.

Ah! Have I only been Sleeping?

THE clock had toll'd *one*, all was silent and dread!
When lo! as I lay fast asleep in my bed,
And long for the loss of the lad who is fled,
My pillow in tears had been steeping:
Methought, that in accents well known and most dear,
The voice of my love sigh'd soft in my ear—
'Why sorrow, my fairest? thy rover is here!
Sweet lass, are you waking or sleeping?'

'Lord bless me!' cried I, and jump'd up in a fright,
'Who bade you come hither, or gave you the right,
Unlook'd for, unwish'd for, at this time of night,
My room to invade soft'ly creeping?'
'I come,' he replied, 'with no ev'l design!'
And while he thus spoke, he attempted to join,
Those two lips of his to these two lips of mine!
You know all the while I was sleeping.

I bade him begone; my reproaches were tart;
He answer'd by pressing me close to his heart;
Then boldly protesting he would not depart,
In spite of entreaties and weeping:
Still closer he claspt me. 'Twas here that I broke
The thread of my dream; but as soon as I woke,
I freely confess the first word that I spoke,
Were—'Ah! have I only been sleeping?

P. Fol. G—.

MERCY.

By Sellick Osborne.

TO crown creation's mighty plan,
The Almighty mandate thunder'd forth;
"Let procreant earth produce a MAN!"
And straight the creature sprung to birth.

Health, strength, and beauty, cloath'd his frame;
He mov'd with majesty and grace;
A bright, a pure angelic flame
Illum'd each feature of his face.

Upon his brow sat calm repose,
His eyes with love and mildness shone;
'Till a grim band of imps arose,
And mark'd the victim for their own.

There HATE, in livid hues pourtray'd
The gnashing teeth and blood-shot eye;
There curst INGRATITUDE display'd
The foulest blot, the blackest dye.

And AVARICE, ambitious too,
To plant her odious image there,
Cast o'er his cheeks a sallow hue,
And wrinkled marks of wordly care.

In wrath, the ETERNAL view'd the stain,
Which marr'd the offspring of his word,
Spurn'd the weak wretch with high disdain,
And bade stern justice lift her sword!

But MERCY, heaven's loveliest child,
Imploring knelt before the throne—
Alternate pray'd, and wept and smil'd,
With angel sweetness all her own—

Then turn'd to MAN, with kind embrace,
And wept to see his dire decay;
Her tears fell plenteous on his face,
And wash'd the hideous blots away.

EPITAPH—written by a Passenger, on a blank Tombstone.

HERE lies a thing that once had life,
His name was this, or that, or t'other;
He took a woman for his wife,
And had a female for his mother.

His legs were longer than his toes,
And when he mov'd about, he walk'd,
He had a tongue, the story goes,
And when he talk'd at all, he talk'd.

Betwixt the poles, on good dry ground,
He liv'd, this side the moon, no doubt;
He died' but whether hang'd or drown'd,
'Twould cost too much to find it out.

His nose was 'twixt his eyes, and fast;
His eyes were two, and side by side;
He died, just when he breath'd his last,
And liv'd just 'till the day he died.

To tell his many deeds, or few,
I thank my stars, is not my task;
Perhaps another knows, or knew,
And he who wants to know, may ask.

LOVE AND LUST.

By Sellick Osborne.

LUST, like a rav'nous tiger, springs,
With savage gust, upon its prey,
And on the lovely object brings
The marks of ruin and decay.

LOVE, like the bee, with gentle power,
Extracts the honey of delight,
Sips every sweet, nor wounds the flower
On which his tender pinions light.

LUST, like a furnace breathing fire,
Embraces only to destroy;
And, in the ardor of desire,
Blasts every comfort, every joy!

LOVE, like the genial sun of May,
Emits its kind refreshing beams,
Drives each intruding cloud away,
And o'er life's varied landscape gleams.

LUST, like a mighty deluge, pours
Dismay and terror where it flows;
Poor victims shudder while it roars,
And wake to horror, from repose!

LOVE, like the gently winding rill,
Glides peaceful o'er the verdant green,
Where every boist'rous care is still,
And all is tranquil, all serene.

The Coquette, and Everblowing Rose, which has no Smell—A Fable.

GAY *Clara*, beautiful and young,
Whose charms by half the town were sung,
(For none more skill'd in every art
To catch, though not to hold the heart)
Full of her little self conceit,
Clara went forth the Spring to greet;
And many a flow'r, with wanton hand,
She pluck'd—then scatter'd o'er the land.
At length a *Rose* of beauty rare,
Attracts the fingers of the fair:
'Sweet *Rose*,' she said, 'thou Summer's pride,
'Come, thou alone shalt grace my side;
'Thy rich perfume I covet most,
'In thine all other sweets are lost!'
The *Rose* with modest blush replied,
'That excellence to me's deny'd:
'External beauty's all I boast,
'Fragrance, alas! on me is lost;
'No housewife finds me worth her care,
'My velvet leaves are scatter'd far;
'For sweets attend not my decay,
'So pluck'd, I soon am cast away!'
'Ah! say'st thou so, then fare thee well—
'For what's a rose without a smell?'
And, with disdain, away Miss threw
The flower, and stem on which it grew.
'Nay,' says the *Rose*, 'thy morning past,
'When time shall all thy beauties blast,
'Some wanton hand may throw thee by,
'As I am cast—without a sigh.
'Our fates are destin'd thus alike,
'In haste we both the fancy strike;
'But soon as our defects are known,
'Upon the common both are thrown,
'The lack of *scent* to perfect me,
'Alas! is want of *mind* in thee!'

EPITAPH—ON A DYER'S WIFE.

MY wife has *died* and gone to dust,
A useful wife to me;
For not a soul alive, I trust,
Has *dy'd* so much as she.

To *dye* indeed was all her pride,
For three-score years and four;
She *dy'd* each day—she liv'd and *died*
When she could live no more.

Her name was up for *dying* well,
And well known was her stall;
The hose she *dyed* were sure to sell,
When hose were sold at all.

But she grew old, I know not why,
Her *dying* days were past;
So e'en for want of hose to *dye*,
She *died herself* at last.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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